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The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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The Twenty-one Varieties of Love!

If one will only reflect, I think it will be found that our life is made up of such a succession of Loves, that it is a wonder we ever have the conscience to ask for a Heaven beyond it.

I would not on any account live through every possible affection, for the greater number are more recompenses for the others that we have failed to appreciate, when we had the chance.

When I vowed to be a bachelor for all my days, (both solemnly registered at twenty, with a clear conscience, and a bundle of love letters in my drawer)—I considered that only two species of love ever existed—one for one's self and the other for women ten years older than one's self.

But since then I have taken counsel and allotted twenty-one species of affection to mankind.

For instance:—

I. There is what may be called the Spring Love.

That of boys of sixteen for girls of fourteen, encountered at Boarding School Exhibitions, and all misty in clouds of book muslin, blue washes, and familiar compositions.

II. Then the love of old men for girls of fifteen.

This a struggle between Nature which impels them to fatherly interest, and the yearning for green fruit, which marks the approach to second boyhood.

As a general thing this results badly for the venerable urchin.

I have often heard very young misses express a determination to marry (if they ever married)—only an old man; but as I have found that they generally fought shy of the aged customers, the moment they knew the old fellows were bargaining for their hands, I take this to be a bravo common to the gentle sex, at inexperienced periods, and no kind of love whatever.

III. Perhaps, however, as a set-off here I ought to cite the common infatuation that attacks very young men for very mature ladies.

This is so universal a matter that I wouldn't repress my sex for it any more than I would whip a boy for having the measles.

He has got to get through with it, and the earlier the better.

IV. But there is one species of Love which always delights me to contemplate.

It is that cultivated by some middle-aged women for men twenty years older than themselves.

These good souls take pride in the idea that there is no nonsense about such attachments, and the worst thing that can be said about them is that there isn't.

I have never considered that the showman-like pride which young brides exhibit in "parading" their new husbands around among their friends, deserved to be called anything but Vanity!—but everybody else calls it the First-Brush of Love—the Spring Time of Affection!—and all hope that it may never sink into common place happiness.

V. Fortunately for the young husband, it always does!

VI. Of all the quaint affections in the world that of young maids for their sister's husband is the oddest.

The man who marries an older sister secures a devotee in the younger.

She adores him!

She speaks of him to her proper beaux as the best man she ever saw, and sets them all crazy with envy of him.

She fetches his slippers, makes the nicest coffee for him, twists his cigar lighters and outdoes the wife in every service.

The happy husband as a consequence wishes to show every lover of the young girl to the door, and warns her solemnly not to marry!

When the young maid outgrows this infatuation, which she does very suddenly when she attempts to interfere offensively with her relations towards some dear friend, or in her first real affair of the heart—she seldom goes near her married sister's house.

VII. There is a wild enthusiasm about the ardent affection of a young man for actresses.

For these delusive Ninons, he spends all his money in presents, burns his nose over the footlights, feeds the hearts of his friends by his follies, and falls sick just when the actress with the large man with the bushy beard.

Happy days of simplicity.

The gorgeous actresses wear many scalps at their girdles—scalps redolent of the curling tongs and sweet scented oils.

VIII. The older men, generally with luxuriant whiskers and pretty miserable families and stay-at-home wives, who woo actresses successfully, have all the ardor of the boys, and considerably more wisdom.

The latter fact is why heaven revenges itself by giving them all they desire.

An universal truth the old men in time feel the punishment of their success and wince under it.

IX. It is a falling with married ladies to fall in love with politicians.

The destruction of domestic peace in a small town is election time, with nightly stump speeches and the celebrated Mr. Brown on the Suffrage question!

Brown is usually the possessor of a pale wife who doesn't understand him and the idol as all married ladies, who flatter themselves that they do!

In bigger towns the evil is only bigger, because wider spread.

I have seen this strange species of Love in a variety of shapes, (it affects all public men) and can account for the reason why so many married men run for office.

Clear dogs! They know how the thing works.

X. Perhaps the most virulent attack of Love is experienced by young girls for their foreign teachers.

A very ugly and very sedate old exile will see twenty young misses in a neighborhood every after a course of ten lessons in music, Italian, or the proper pronunciation of the termination "and" (Fr.)

Compassion, no doubt is at the bottom of this infatuation, but it ends in downright solid love.

Nothing will cure it—not even the fact that the exile wears straps under his in-steps feet, and uses a brown silk pocket handkerchief.

It ends in marriage, or happy interposition of the exile's abandoned wife, mis-ery and blue stockings and with a disenchanted tale of dirty children nightly walloped by papa, and a home that never had one of its full corners lit by a smile from its lord and master!

XI. But the purest of all Loves is that of the boy for his girl womanly teacher.

Let a cross pedagogue be displaced by a stern young woman who can thrash the boys all around one minute and laugh with them the next, and the epoch marks a course of genuine enthusiasm in the educational sphere.

What boy has got wept real tears at the grave of such a friend?

XII. Next to this—always seek to know a family the father of which loves to study his children's dispositions.

But never to fail to smile when you see a man who prefers to take his blooming daughter to the theatre, or a ball, instead of his wife.

That man made a mistake when he married a woman who had a reasonable chance of a living ten years.

He is the same man who gets out of an omnibus with his daughters on his arms, and leaves the mother to tumble out the best way she can.

XIII. The most solemn of all Affections is that which the generations passing away feel for those to come.

It is a singular thing that Love follows the descending and never the ascending.

I am absolutely emotionless when I hear the names of my great-grand-parents mentioned, but could they rise from their graves they would clasp me in their arms and kiss me.

In like manner I feel that I could love surpassingly the children of my children's children—yet unborn, and that I even see.

This of course is in the nature which impels us to love those to whom we have not so difficult an office to perform. To bear with children whom we are to care for, suffer for—die for—requires the superior force.

In its prettiest application this love may be instanced in the Grandmother's for the boy child of her son or daughter.

Let her neglect her own children she will wrap up all her love in theirs.

Indulgence can go no further than she grants it.

"Grandma said I might!" says the boy detected in the puddle.

"Grandma saved me from a thrashing!" says he to his companions.

XIV. Bachelors at forty feel the last throes of love that Heaven permits them, for girls of seventeen.

After years of wine, cigars, fast life, late breakfasts and later suppers, and innumerable escapades, the poor wretches turn to such misses with despairing eyes.

For a few months their attentions please the little flirts, and then an apple-faced youngster bears her off from the tobacco-scented reprobate.

That night the bachelor has a dream of regret, which makes him toss uneasily.

It is sent by the Angel of Remorse, and pays the long forgotten features of a wronged girl, whom the last ten years have converted into a sour-faced vixen.

XV. Another common infatuation is that of mothers of families for modest young men.

It is a pure and gentle passion.

It is a great misfortune that most married women (with cause, too)—begin to consider their husbands reprobates and to contrast him with some sedate young fellow who is all virtue.

Heaven, fortunately, never permits these poor ladies to make a mistake.

The young man never abuses the confidence placed in him—and this epoch of infatuation usually marks the last of Love for the matron, this side of the grave!

XVI. I suppose every one has noticed the irresistible passion felt by women for good humored men.

These sunny characters absolutely laugh and are adored.

Women after a single evening spent in the society of such a merry gentleman go to bed asking themselves seriously: "Could I not be happy with him forever?"

And seriously resolve, that—They Could!

One's only trouble is that the sunny gentleman, like the sun, shines for all; and sooner or later the ladies to his mortification abandon him in despair.

Happy bride that doesn't give herself to the sunny gentleman.

There are spots in him!

He exhales an air of love, but it comes from the lungs, not the heart!

XVII. The love of big sisters for little brothers is an exemplification of docility that is incomparable.

Let a little pine knot of a boy make his appearance in the family and his young lady sisters, the hom of whose garments many beaux would love to kiss,—go down on their knees and tie the little Tartar's shoes, brush his jacket, comb his hair, obey his orders,—(and how he learns to give them!) permit him to pull their hair out at the roots and kick at shins.

When the big sister marries and the

little brother grows up, he smokes the husband's cigars, gets Allie to persuade Tom to pay his debts, stays at home all day like a lazy dog, and puts his feet on the sofa.

Tom predicts that he will certainly be hung, at which Allie shrieks and is seen late at night going into her little (six foot now!) brother's bedroom to cry over him in anticipation.

XVIII. Next to this marvellous and useless infatuation comes the love of school girls for the brothers of their friends.

Sisters are golden-mouthed when speaking of their big brothers, and these youngsters are so described as to captivate the hearts of the romantic listeners.

It is a superstition among school girls that they are to marry the brothers of their chums.

"How odd!"—they exclaim—"can we be united until death, as we have resolved to be?"

The hallucination is over when the blooming brother comes on a visit to the young ladies' Seminary.

His stubby hair and green eyes, joined to a hideous appetite, disenchants the romantic bosom friend, and his malicious habit of pinching her arms drives her screaming to her perch.

Thenceforward there is a rift between the young virgins, and after reconciliation the brother is never mentioned.

XIX. Perhaps in later life he again meets his sister's chum.

They laugh over by-gones; awakened romance leads her to think on him fondly; his sister encourages the flirtation until it grows serious and then manoeuvres with her parents to get him out of the enslaver's toils.

This accomplished the bosom friend and the treacherous sister have their last sniff and part forever!

XX. When an immensely tall girl meets a diminutive man, the latter is seized with a spasmodic fit called—Love!

The laughter and ridicule of the Amateurs—who always appreciate the sacrifice she would make in wedding him—only augments the small gentleman's fever.

He woos her as a matter of pride, and the air with which he bears her off is the air of a landed proprietor, who has just annexed a considerable estate to his own.

It is worthy of remark that little men seldom woo big women in vain, nor thin men fat women.

Perhaps a secret dream of domination urges the lady to grant the suit.

Such women have almost always been in Love, in their early days, with gigantic men—(who have stooped, however, to tiny girls) and they glow over the idea of showing the Lordly Scorners how they can revenge themselves on The Sex!

XXI. But I think of all the unfortunate phases of affection which the world presents, that is the most aggravating which I shall call.

THE FIFTH WHEEL!

Tradition ridicules the idea of a fifth wheel to a coach. So in life, where a husband and wife love each other, another man or another woman in the family is the fifth wheel, that is to say, worse than useless!

Did you ever notice a woman walking between two men—one is her husband; she never talks to him; the other is the fifth wheel—she is lively, agreeable and chatty to him!

Did you ever notice a man promenading between two women? He strives to act as if he were not aware that he was acting the part of a fool, if not a rascal!

One of these ladies—the pale one, you see with the sad eye, and the closed lips, is the wife. The other, with the rubeund face, plump figure, and saucy expression, is the fifth wheel.

Women of families, with strange perversity keep these useless personages in their houses; and men with graceless news suffer their fifth wheels to roll about their houses at all hours.

Little by little the fifth wheel displaces the legitimate one.

The wife becomes furious at the assumption of her friend, who evinces so much regard for the husband's comfort.

One woman is enough to wait on any man!

When there are two in a house one must go to the wall!

And how is it with the male Fifth Wheel?

Why, some day he rolls about in such an odd eccentric fashion that the husband has to chase him all about with a pistol to the relief of his business and the terror of the wife—who goes home to her mother in order to find refuge from Unworthy Suspicions.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark that no man ever prospers in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CAKE.—One quart of sweet milk, two eggs, a small teaspoonful of salt and one pint of sifted corn meal. No more or less. Bake forty minutes in a quick oven. It will take an hour if baked in a slow oven.

What is the difference between a horse and a fowl in eating? One fills his crop, and the other crops his fill.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

If You Want a Kiss Take It.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb, That a pretty much like this, That a man is half to his kisses.

When he has a woman's kiss; But there's danger in despatching— And the sweetest may forsake it; So I tell you, bashful lover, If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another fellow Steal a march on you in this; Never let a laughing maiden See you pulling for a kiss; There's a royal way to winning, And the jolly ones who make it Have a motto that is winning— If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may kiss a woman; Anybody wear a crown; But a man must win a woman If he'd have her for his own; Would you have the golden people, You must find the worth and shake it.

If the thing is worth the having, And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert, With a forest smiling by? Who would give his sunny summer For a bleak and wintry sky? Oh! I tell you there's danger, And you cannot, cannot break it; For the sweetest part of loving Is to want a kiss, and take it.

SENATOR WADE'S LATE SPEECH AT LAWRENCE.

His views on Female Suffrage, Reconstruction, and the Relations of Capital and Labor.

[Correspondence of the New York Times.] LAWRENCE, JUNE 13.

I was greatly surprised, on returning to Lawrence with the excursion party, to find how imperfectly and inaccurately the local journals report the significant speech delivered in this place on Monday last by Senator Wade.

Neither of the two daily papers makes any allusion to the closing part of the speech, in which the question of labor and capital was touched upon, and their reports in other respects are altogether inadequate.

Since some historical importance is likely to be attached to the speech, and inasmuch as the telegraph bungled the brief report I sent through that channel, it may be worth while for me to give your readers as full a sketch as possible from the notes I took at the time, and which I fortunately preserved.

After the applause with which he was welcomed had subsided, the Senator remarked that he had no intention of making a speech. He had tried to do so at Omaha, and as he then broke down in the midst of his remarks, he did not feel encouraged to repeat the attempt on the present occasion. Still there were some thoughts which always suggested themselves in Kansas. They were the great battle between Freedom and Slavery which had been fought out, and the cause of liberty had triumphed. If the slave power had succeeded there in its infamous efforts, it would have gone on to nationalize the accursed institution, but it was defeated, and now there was not a remnant of it left in the land.

Mr. Wade then said that he had kept in advance of the people in the great strife between Freedom and Slavery, he meant to do the same thing in the contest which was now being fought out between the right of suffrage to women. He was unqualifiedly in favor of equal rights for all, not only without regard to nationality and color, but without regard to sex. Women were more virtuous than men; their perceptions were quicker and keener, and when they gained political power they would rectify many abuses which had thus far remained untouched. If he had not believed that his own wife had sense enough to vote, he never would have married her. [Laughter and applause.] And if any of his hearers had wives who were unequal to the discharge of the right of suffrage, he would advise them to go home and get divorced at once. [Renewed laughter.] The speaker denounced those women who did not want to vote, because it was not fashionable, and said that he had a prediction to make: Female suffrage will be general in less than twenty years. (A voice, "That's too far off.") and he thought it likely that in Kansas the next Legislature might set the matter straight. [Applause.] He repeated that he intended to keep in advance of the people on this subject, and that he was now ready to take another jump forward, if necessary. In his view, radicalism upon this and all other questions was righteousness, while conservatism was hypocrisy and cowardice. The conservative was a mere lickspittle and hanger-on; he was not willing to be trampled in the dust, but was willing to remain there.

As regarded the political situation he would only say that the Southerners now had the mildest terms offered them they would get. If they chose to accept them, well and good; they might have all the advantage of such action; if they refused them, another turn would be given to the screw and they would be compelled to yield whether they wished to or not. Congress had thus far been with the people, and he did not desert them under the leadership of Johnson or the devil. His hearers might not assured of one thing, that reconstruction was as certain to take place as that the sun was shining.

Senator Wade then proceeded to say that there was another question upon which he would express his views, although his hearers might differ from him in opinion. We had disposed of the question of slavery, and now that of labor and capital must pass through the ordeal. The shadow of the approaching struggle between these two great interests was already upon us, and it would do good to turn our backs upon the question. It must be met. Property was not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out. That Congress which had

done so much for the slave, cannot quietly regard the terrible distinction which exists between the man that labors and him that does not. [Applause.] "If you dullheads," said the speaker, "can't see this, the women will, and will act accordingly." It will not be long before the laborers will demand of congressmen, upon the eve of an election, "What will you do for us?" and they will have a satisfactory answer. It is not right or just that any man should be compelled to labor until life is worn out and being as a curse. The Almighty did not intend that this should be the case, nor will it always remain so. More leisure must be given to the people for mental accomplishments, and labor-saving machines had not yet fulfilled their mission, since they had failed to effect this result. Here in Kansas, said the speaker, where every man is a capitalist to a greater or less extent, these inequalities are not so great, and are not so keenly felt as they are in the East, and the speaker would advise every man in that section who is subject to a capitalist in any degree to out-loose from him and get two hours nearer sundown forthwith. "Men of Kansas," he said, "if you do so much for yourselves as the Almighty has done for you, you will be the Lords of Creation." Mr. Wade pledged himself to advocate the "natural rights of man" boldly and persistently; spoke of the great commercial results which would inevitably flow from the completion of the Pacific Railway, and then referred to the striking fact that the excursion party had, during the two weeks of its journey, accomplished by rail a distance which would have taken a year to traverse by the old mode of conveyance. He concluded by thanking the people of Lawrence for their cordial welcome and kindly courtesies, they had extended to the party he represented.

Billiards and Whist.

The last number of the New York Independent contains an article upon "Forbidden Amusements" from which we quote.

We start then, with the admission that these pastimes are in themselves innocent and excellent. Take, for instance, the game of billiards. This is almost universally condemned by Christians; and yet it is one of the best games that has ever been invented. There is just enough excitement in it to make it interesting, and not so much as to tax the nerves unduly. It gives us exercise without violent exertion; it trains the muscles to steadiness and precision of movement, and it develops to some extent the mathematical faculties. If we discard, I know of nothing that can take its place.

Cards are designed to answer a different purpose. They furnish to those who are worn out with labor a pleasant relaxation. A Clergyman, who is a distinguished professor in one of our colleges, and a man not indeed inclined to looseness in his opinions, gave his testimony on this subject not long ago in my hearing, substantially in these words: "There was a time, he said, when I felt that the best thing I could possibly do for an hour in the evening was to play whist. I was too tired after the labors of the day to read or study, and I would not read what he considered an intellectual activity which it was necessary that I should avoid. I was too weak physically to attempt any athletic sport, and it became a serious question how I should spend the time. A friend, in much the same condition of health, was boarding with me, and we cast about us for suitable amusement.

First, we tried chess; but that was too hard work. Then we played checkers for a few evenings; but the possibilities of the game were soon exhausted, and we concluded at last that whist was just the thing we wanted. It required no intense mental application; there was just enough excitement in it to keep us wide awake, and it permitted a salutary chat, which would not be so tedious as any conversation upon profounder topics. This testimony is variously confirmed by persons whose opportunities of observation have been ample, and whose Christian character can not be questioned. There can be no doubt that among the quiet seaside recreations this game is one of the very best.

With regard to dancing, I can do no better than to quote the words of Dr. Channing. We may not agree with this eminent divine in his theological views but no one can doubt the pure and lofty morality of his doctrine and his life. "This exercise," he says, is among the most healthful, and as well as the mind, feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature.

It is desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball, that members of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation in which the young form a part.

A Texas paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaken by the party when she called out to her clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" The idea took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father caught her bride rein the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashy action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both fail to get rich.

Jones thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cashing better be paid.

Free Homesteads in Alabama.

It may not be generally known that the United States Government owns a large amount of land in Northern Alabama the finest mineral region in the State; and abounding in coal and iron. These lands are subject to entry, by actual residents under the provisions of the United States Homestead Law, and offer great inducements to the landless desirous of procuring a home.

Persons twenty-one years of age, of either sex, can enter land under the law. No distinction is made between soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies, who are twenty-one years of age. Married men under twenty-one can enter. A young man, not coming within the law from either of these considerations, if he has served in the army of the United States and was honorably mustered out of the same, can enter. This is the only discrimination the law makes between the soldiers of the two armies.

If a person already own and occupies eighty acres, he may enter eighty more adjoining land; if he own one hundred and twenty, he can enter forty adjoining; if he already owns one hundred and sixty acres, he is shut out from the benefits of the law. After five years use and cultivation, the land may be alienated or sold the same as if purchased by money, but abandonment for six months, at any one time during that period, in case of forfeiture and the land reverts back to the Government.

The Huntsville Advocate says the United States Land Office in that city has transacted a large amount of business during April and May, in the way of assigning homesteads to actual settlers. Five hundred and forty-five farms were entered during that period, amounting, in the aggregate, to over forty thousand acres. Blount county leads off, in round numbers to the tune of one hundred and eighty-four entries, against one hundred and sixty-one for Morgan, eighty-two for Winston, and seventy-eight for Marshall, the balance being divided about equally between Madison, Jefferson, Jackson, Walker, and Lawrence counties. Of this number eight only have been made by freedmen, though the law gives them equal privileges as regards entries. There yet remain in the district large quantities of lands subject to entry—some of them fine bottom lands, on the various branches of Black Warrior, Coosa, Blackwater, etc. These lands are protected by this law from the rapacity of the speculator till June, 1868, when, without further legislation, it ceases to be operative. —Memphis Post.

The Province of Newspapers.

It is unreasonable to expect that the public press will always publish only such things as we, individually, shall like. A person of strictly religious habits and tastes will be offended if he sees in a newspaper the account of a prize fight, or something obscene and sinful. He forgets that the newspaper is but the reflection of the world at large; and if he is so fastidious, he should retire altogether from life, for in a single street he will find, at any given hour of the day, what will offend almost all his senses. He need not read what he considers to be objectionable, in like manner, he need not eat of a table he has highly seasoned dish. He may not like venison, and game, high, let him order something to his taste—a real outlet without sauce. But my lady Godiva may like a few of the delicacies of the season, and the Lord Conventry may have stomach for anything. A newspaper would have few readers were its dishes of news to consist solely of pious pastry and dainty puff. While the tone of a newspaper is moral, the public cannot complain. The music of an organ grinder may be of the purest character, though the organ itself, and the organ grinder likewise, may sometimes show symptoms of the mad and blind, that are picked up by or scattered upon them throughout the ramblings of the day. To the pure all things are pure, and to find fault with a newspaper for every "nice of fence" is to display the hypocrisy of a pride, or the silliness of an ignorance. —London Examiner.

Our Next Candidate for Governor.

We last week noticed the fact that a correspondent of the Terre Haute Express had brought prominently before the public the name of Hon. Will Canback, of Greensburg, as a candidate for Governor next year. Recalling papers from many parts of the State, we were glad to see that the suggestion meets with much favor in many localities.

There is no man in the State that we would rather see nominated for Governor than Will Canback. He is a Christian gentleman of undoubted ability, of prepossessing appearance, and of great popularity. In a political canvass he is excellent by none in that peculiar tact which is so essential to success. On the stump, to our mind, few men in the State are his equal.

He has a faculty of carrying his audience with him, of convincing all of the soundness of his argument, of "getting the laugh" on his opponent.

Our next canvass will be a "hot" one. It will be a Presidential campaign. The democracy will leave no stone unturned to carry the State. Hence, it is of the greatest importance that we should have in the field, as candidate for Governor, one of our best canvassers.

It is true it is yet early in the day to be talking of this matter. It is probable the convention will be held about February, some eight or nine months hence. But it is a matter of such general interest to the party that it should be thoroughly discussed. —Lawrenceburg Press.